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### CIVIL SERVICE IN THE POLICE FORCE.

What has become of Mayor Buxton's proposition to place the police force of Newport News on a civil service basis? The matter should be settled one way or the other. It should not be allowed to slumber in the pigeon-hole of the police committee. We can see no legitimate reason for opposition to the principle outlined by the mayor in his message bearing on the subject. There is absolutely no reason why favoritism or politics should prevail in the police department of this or any other city, and there is every reason why business-like methods should underlie the conduct of that particular department.

At the time the project was first agitated some persons were inclined to scout the civil service principle, pointing to the fate of certain officials connected with the local customs service as a practical illustration of the worthlessness of civil service theories in actual practice. Few persons would today advance any such argument as that, for the very principle upon which civil service reform has grown and has become a power in the ed, and efficient and capable emuland has been triumphantly vindicated. It should be remembered that the proposed plan would not interfere with the present method of removal from the police force, which necessarily complies with the State law in regard to the matter. It simply would have a tendency to close the "door of opportunity," so far as the police force is concerned, to all but desirable and intelligent men, worthy of positions in the first place and worthy of any promotion which may justly come to them in the years of service to follow. There is no reason why the police force should not be placed upon a business basis. In any event, the matter should be taken up and disposed of in one way or another. Let the ordinance come to a vote and let the question of its passage be settled on its merits. In any event, let the councilmen place themselves on record in regard to the proposition.

### WOMEN AS BANKERS.

The esteemed New York World draws a lesson much to the credit of the gentler sex from the following facts: On a capital stock of \$50,000 the bank of Joplin, in Missouri, reports \$250,000 in surplus funds; deposits, \$476,579; interest and exchange, \$5,311. The bank's cashier, assistant cashier and three bookkeepers are women.

In the State of Iowa are at present fourteen women bank cashiers and eighteen women assistant cashiers. Two-thirds of these officials started as bookkeepers. No Iowa bank directed by a woman has ever failed and no women placed in a bank position of trust has proved unfaithful. And this in a State which there has been thirty-six bank failures in five years, leading to six suicides and six convictions in the criminal courts.

A short time ago a college professor arose and made a few remarks to the effect that man was being driven out of the commercial life by the "eternal feminine." We frequently hear cigarette-smoking beer-drinking youths expatiate along the same line. Perhaps in the careless and slovenly

methods of the latter and in the excellent showing made in the figures above cited, we may have an explanation of what many persons regard as an anomalous condition of affairs. With all of the handicaps of sex there are many positions in which women are preferable to the sort of men who seem to be available for the particular kind of work under consideration. On the other hand, it seldom happens that an efficient and painstaking man has to give way to a woman in any of the commercial fields in which both are struggling for a foothold.

The Washington Post says that "it has been advised by a Democratic inhabitant of Nebraska who professes to be in possession of accurate information on the subject that Colonel Bryan's letter to President Roosevelt, which was spread as a feast before the country a few weeks ago, was but the advance guard of a procession of similar epistles to be sent at brief intervals over the seas during all the months that may elapse before the completion of the colonel's world-embracing tour." Whatever may be one's opinion of Colonel Bryan's views, few persons feel inclined to doubt his sincerity or to challenge his ability. Therefore, his utterances will be read with interest by a large following, whatever subject he may write upon.

Former Senator McLaurin is of the opinion that the Palmetto State soon will throw the dispensary system overboard. That would be too bad if some of the reports concerning the quality of the liquor sold in the dispensaries are correct, as the indications are that they already have all the water in them that they will stand.

The esteemed New York World says "the greatest danger to the President on his Southern trip is that he will be made a target for one of Frank L. Stanton's 'happy-times-in-Georgia' poems." Which is simply another way of saying that there is no possibility of anything unpleasant happening to the President during his stay in Dixie land.

It is announced that Tammany will put 400 spellbinders into the municipal campaign raging in that city. Can it be that the braves are becoming worried over the support of Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst and of Jakey Rils?

Hon. Gas Addicks says that he will not retire from Delaware politics. Which may mean either that he has sheared a few more lambs, or else that he means to wait to be thrown out.

"President Roosevelt says that every 'American man is a decent sort of fellow," from which we infer that he does not endorse Secretary Taft's view of former Engineer Wallace, of the Panama canal commission.

### WAYS OF SWEDEN.

It is light all night in summer and dark all day in winter.

Although drinking is common, one seldom sees a drunken man.

Everybody trusts you, and you are expected to trust everybody.

You take off your hat when you enter a shop and return the shopman's low bow.

A servant who brings you something says, "So good." You say, "Tack" (thanks).

You get a bill every day at the hotel. This permits you to correct any mistakes at once.

A barber will shave you for 6 cents, but you have to wash your own face and comb your own hair.

Tips are everywhere given, but they are small. Ten ore (2½ cents) is the ordinary tip to a cabman or porter.

A lady always waits for a gentleman to speak instead of the reverse, as in America.—Minneapolis Journal.

### How a Great Actor Lived.

Charles Mathews, one day previous to the period of his publicly proclaimed dire bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The waiters were washed down by some rare sherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money." "It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug. "You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested. "Oh, no," answered Mathews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond street!" "But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment. "I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles reported gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

### HOME-SEEKERS' RATES

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### THE MOCKING BIRD.

He Is the Most Versatile of All the Woodland Choir.

Early explorers of America carried back with them to Europe stories of a bird which sang more sweetly than the nightingale.

It was the southern mocker heard in the clearings and along the green banks of the water courses which chained the attention of the music loving Spaniard. The mocking bird sings as sweetly today as it sang when De Soto, journeying westward, listened all the way to its music.

Ever since the day when its notes were first heard by the ears of the pioneers the human singers have been trying to catch the inspiration of the mocker's song and to do it justice in poetry. The human singers never fully have succeeded. The mocker is the most versatile of all the woodland choir. He can, if he will, touch harshness, as he touches harmony, and at times the admiration of the listener is more for the bird's variety than for its melody.

No mocking bird in all the range of its performance ever equaled in pure music the hymnlike notes of the hermit thrush, but yet the mocker is by far the greater, if not the more appealing, singer. When the bird confines itself to the notes which are its own by birthright—its native notes, as it were—there is a trace of nothing save an exalted measure. The bird, however, is a born borrower, and to that with which nature has endowed it there are constantly being added the belongings of others.

It is interesting to read the accounts of the mocking birds' songs as set down by the early ornithologists. Audubon, Wilson and Nuttall listened to the mocker and were in turn moved to sing, even though they did their singing in prose. Some of the fathers of bird science in America nearly exhausted the supply of adjectives in the English language in their endeavor to give their readers adequate description of the song of the mocking bird. One solo heard amid the surroundings of a southern spring drives from the memory all thoughts of human praise of the bird's voice, and the song itself remains to take their place.

There is a luxuriance in the singing of the mocker, and the proper setting for the song is the warmth and luxuriance of the south. The bird, however, does not entirely neglect the music lovers of the north. It sings and nests occasionally as far north as Illinois and Massachusetts, and in the northward passage it loses nothing of sweetness from its song.

Some years ago the Audubon societies of the northern states began to receive letters from the women of the southland telling of the gradual disappearance of the mocker from localities where once its song had been heard from every tree and thicket. The letters told of the robbing of the nests of the birds in order that the young might be sold in the great northern cities.

The Audubon societies took up the plea of the southern women that the traffic in the mockers might be stopped, and they succeeded in a large measure in putting an end to the sale of the songsters in the northern markets. The songs of a mocking bird caged and of a mocking bird at liberty are as different as are the spirits of slavery and of freedom.

It would be a task of days to give adequate information of all that has been written concerning the song of the southern mocking bird. Paul Ham, Hon. Hayne lived with the bird, and he caught the ecstasy of its song. William Henry Timrod, like Hayne, a southern singer, also caught the inspiration of the bird's note. The southern poets, as would seem both natural and right, have caught best the fine frenzy of this singer of the squiren forests.—Chicago Post.

### A Lovable Friend.

A book is a lovable friend. It is responsive to every mood. It never finds fault. It never scolds. Teaches without hard words or anger. It reveals everything to you when you are in a thoroughly inquiring frame of mind. When you are mystical it puzzles you just enough to satisfy the "digging bent" of your nature at that particular moment. If you grow tired and put it aside unceremoniously, it never reproaches but greets you more cheerfully the next time and offers you the best it has and tries again to cater to your best impulses. When you wish to visit the ruins of antiquity it guides you all the way. You may travel through ancient Rome and view her fallen splendors. You may talk with Marie Antoinette or enjoy the society of Queen Elizabeth. You may feast with the great or sympathize with the poor. You may do all this when you will, with whom you will and as you will. Truly, as has been said, "What a lovable friend a book is."—Exchange.

### The Soul.

The clairvoyants are almost unanimous in the opinion that the soul is a bipartite "something" having two seats in the human tabernacle—one in the heart and the other in the brain. The spiritualists say that in the case of a dying person the soul or spirit leaves its earthly envelope at the top of the head, appearing as a vapor which slowly assumes the form of the person who is expiring. The spiritualistic portrait of the dying person appears to not only be attached to the head of the person who is fast becoming a corpse, but seems to be also fastened in the region directly over the heart by a fluidic filament, which is severed at the instant that the "ghost man" leaves the head. These two opinions, one by an eminent American spiritualist, the other by a German clairvoyant, seem to strangely coincide in the opinion that the soul has a seat in both the brain and the heart.—St. Louis Republic.

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### TRICKS OF BIG WAVES.

Rough Experiences on the Stormy Coast of the Selly Isles.

There are plenty of adventures to be found in photographing the great waves of the sea. F. J. Mortimer, an Englishman, tells of some rough experiences in getting pictures of this kind on the stormy coast of the Selly Islands. He says: "One can never trust the sea for a moment. Once I was standing with my back to a cliff on the top of which was a friend, whose outstretched hands I could just reach. After watching the sea for some time breaking at a safe distance, I turned my back on it for one moment to reach up to my friend for a fresh dark slide. Fatal movement—as fatal as taking one's eyes from a crouching tiger—for no sooner had I turned my head than a wave darted in and crashed with terrific force on to my back. I was absolutely flattened against the rock, all breath and feeling were knocked from my body, while my camera was smashed to smithereens. Bruised and gasping, I could only totter home to bed, and two days were passed before I was fit to venture out again.

"Then there was another adventure," says Mr. Mortimer again, "caused by a rope man who was too careless. He had lowered me down a narrow crevice, a 'chimney,' as it is called, and having seen me safely come to ground at the bottom he calmly threw the rope down to me and went off, never thinking that he might be required to haul me up again. One glance at the sea told me that I was in a most dangerous position. The tide was coming in and would soon be welling up the chimney, and only by

way of the chimney could I escape. All intentions of taking photographs I threw to the wind, and, after shouting till I was hoarse, I began the upward climb unaided—elbow work of the stiffest kind. The chimney was 100 feet high, and I spent the rest of the day in getting to the top.

"Another time the promptitude of a friend in trying to save my life cost me a valuable outfit. I was photographing from the base of a cliff, on the top of which stood my friend holding the rope to which I was attached. Along came a fine wave that would have made a magnificent study. While it was yet far distant, a sudden distrust of it entered my friend's soul, and while I was stooping over my things on the ground, without a word of warning, he gave a mighty jerk to the rope and hauled me into the air. Dangling helplessly, unable to cry out, I was forced to watch that fine wave roll quietly in, break with a great effect of foam, and as quietly go off with all my apparatus.

"I once had an awful fall when descending a steep bit of cliff on St. Agnes. I was clambering down, very much incumbered by my camera, which allowed me to cling on with one hand only, supported by toes, knees and elbows, when suddenly a rat leaped from a hole in the rock, brushed against my face and landed on my hand. Now, I didn't know that rats inhabited the rock, and my surprise at this unexpected discovery in natural history, combined with the start I gave when the rat touched my hand, caused me to let go my hold and to fall a distance of thirty feet. I landed on my camera case, breaking up my outfit as completely as the sea itself could have desired."

### BABES IN THE WOOD.

A Seventeenth Century Incident in the State of Maine.

In 1679 James Adams of York became affronted with one of his neighbors, Henry Simpson, and determined to avenge himself upon two of Simpson's children, whose ages were six and nine years. In a solitary place four or five miles from the dwelling houses of the inhabitants he built of logs beside a ledge of perpendicular rocks a pen or pound several feet high, with walls inclined inward from bottom to top. After he had built this he decoyed the children into the woods under a pretense of searching for birds' nests and caused them to enter within the pound, where he left them confined to perish. The place has since been called the Devil's Invention.

The children were soon missed, and the alarmed inhabitants searched for them more than forty-eight hours. The boys, when aware of their wretched situation, made various attempts to get out, and at length, by digging away with their hands the surface of the earth underneath one of the bottom logs, effected their escape. They wandered in the woods three days, being at last attracted to the seashore by the noise of the surf, where they were found.

The depraved criminal was condemned to have thirty stripes well laid on, to pay the father of the children £5, the treasurer £10, besides fees and charges of the prison, and remain a close prisoner during the court's pleasure or till further order. The same month he recognized before two of the judges, "conditioned to send him, within twenty-one days, out of the jurisdiction."